

PROMISES MADE AND BROKEN

Residents of Eckington Claim that Mr. Truesdell Has Not Kept Faith with Them.

HAVEN'T GOT WHAT THEY EXPECTED

The Commissioner Has Gradually Sold Out His Interests in that Place and No Longer Looks After the Welfare of His Erstwhile Admirers—He Painted a Glowing Future for the Suburb Which Has Not Materialized—Horse Cars Substituted for Rapid Transit—Lights Shut Off and the Water Supply Diminished—Eckington is Now a Dangerous Place at Night.

The plans of the land syndicates to enrich a few at the expense of the many by the issue of bonds for millions, to be spent upon streets through unimproved property, have been blocked by the exposure of the scheme by The Times, enforced by the decisions of the courts, and the good sense of Congress. There is scarcely any likelihood that any bond bill, except for sewer extension, can be passed at this session.

The accomplishment on a small scale of what was wanted on a large one can be seen in a survey of what Mr. George Truesdell accomplished at Eckington. The statement of the facts may also throw some light on the reasons why Mr. Truesdell was made Commissioner to represent the corporate and landed interests of the District. It certainly does show the unfortunate results following such schemes to invade the dollars of the tax-payers into the treasury of the elect. Mr. Truesdell is reported to be a millionaire. Many citizens of Eckington have been complaining of what they consider unjust expropriations.

They expected what they have never received, and they don't like it. Mr. Truesdell has gradually sold out his interests in that place, and he is, to use a phrase familiar to his craft "on velvet"—that is, he has taken out all the money he put in and whatever more he can get, with the added profit. His interests are not more than a small part of what they were, and he will not again put money in jeopardy where, as he looks at it, the people are so unreasonable in their expectations, and, as some of these people look at it, where they have found out what his promise was, and cannot be induced to pay his money back to him with a big profit added.

There is this difference between what was attempted for the far lands and what was done at Eckington. Mr. Truesdell gave the ground for the streets, laid asphalt pavements, and some sidewalks, paved the streets with asphalt blocks, furnished water, electric light and rapid transit temporarily and made the purchasers pay for all these and give him in addition a handsome profit on his investment. He has secured only a small amount of refund, if any at all, from the government for any sidewalks, streets or sewers.

There are some signs, however, that he may hope yet to repay himself even at additional profit on the investment. An amendment is now before Congress that proposes to repay to any one who lays a sidewalk approved by the Commissioner at his own expense half the cost of any street or sewer laid at private expense may be refunded. The only restriction proposed is that the contract price should be no higher than the contract price made by the District government.

A GREEDY PROPOSAL. The proposal in the northwest farms was even more greedy. It was to get the money from the government to lay the sidewalks, sewers and streets beforehand, and in addition bonds were to be issued in which money lenders would find a good investment, to say nothing of a commission for handling them again and again.

In 1888 what is now Eckington was a beautiful farm, and the country west of the late Mr. Gales, of Gales & Seaton, owners of the National Intelligence, and nearest Mr. Truesdell, was a good investment. The fields had not been broken by the grading plow, and a rippling brook murmured at the foot of the slope that ran up to the mountains. The farm was a good investment, where now are plant cutters and terrified lawn were then billows fruitful with grain or carles, or covered with pleasant woodland pastures.

The Inn was kept by ex-Policeman Billy White, and the only way to reach it was through a winding lane, and Mr. Truesdell had some money and could command more. He saw his opportunity to make a bold stroke and become rich or lose what he had. He played the game, and the result in this vicinity played much the same game.

COZY HOME FOR WORKING MEN

Club That Has Thrived in Twelve Years of Usefulness.

More than twelve years ago the Workingmen's Club, with headquarters at 2105 Pennsylvania avenue, northwest, was organized. During all that time it has grown steadily, and is probably one of the most useful and best equipped organizations of the kind in the city. Since its organization it has grown rapidly in membership, and in keeping with the increase of usefulness, donations and other improvements, which go to make the club an ideal evening home for workingmen, have kept pace.

In its infancy the club found a home in the St. John's Episcopal Church Mission building, on Twentieth street, between E and F streets northwest. At that time the membership was numbered with less than two figures, but the organization was permanent; its influence for good in the community was felt, and those directly interested could easily see that it would be only a matter of time when it would have to seek more suitable and commodious quarters.

The time was not long coming, for in a few days the increase in membership was so great as to make a change absolutely necessary. From the old home in the Mission building on Twentieth street the club removed to more pretentious quarters on Pennsylvania avenue, between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets, where it remained until the early part of 1895, when the present home at No. 2105 Pennsylvania avenue was leased by the board of managers.

The chief aim of the organizers of the club was to provide a suitable place where the workingmen of the city could spend their evenings pleasantly and profitably. The present quarters have been fitted up with all the appointments of a first-class clubroom, where the members may spend the evening with profit and pleasure.

The building is four stories high, all the rooms are large, and in winter are well heated and lighted, and in summer well ventilated. On the first floor are three large parlors, which are used as general reception, music, and lecture rooms, and when not used for this are occupied by the members for general amusement. Here the members gather in the evening and amuse themselves playing chess, draughts, dominoes, and cards, or by reading the newspapers. Several of the members are excellent musicians, and nearly every evening

expected, he always fixed an early hour as possible for the new order. It was now taking from forty minutes to an hour each way to get in and out, they explained, and travel was ruinous, to say nothing of the vexation.

Mr. Truesdell could not help it; he was no longer in control of the road. When he went in as Commissioner there was some hope probably both ways. On the one hand he would force the railroad people to give rapid service, on the other that he would be able to secure admission of the trolley poles along the remainder of the street to the Treasury. He did neither, and the people continued to fret and petition. Every change was for the worse, till even the trolley from Eckington place to Mount Vernon square was taken away, and there were seven squares more of horse cars.

Subjected to such annoyances and delay, more than one citizen took to bicycling or walking. As one gentleman said to a Times reporter: "It took no more time to walk, considering the waiting for the cars and the changes. Then you escaped the worry of being hindered by something you cannot in any way control. So I very frequently walk. Others do the same thing."

In addition the branch from Third and T streets to the head of second street was abandoned. A law suit was not sufficient to compel the company to resume there, and they will not even remove the tracks.

The condition has gone from bad to worse, and a petition has not gone in to Congress, asking that the company be compelled to put in a modern equipment on the order of the Ninth street line.

Also the dynamo at the big power shed in the ravine were supplying ample current for lighting the streets and for incandescent lights in the houses. The sewers were entirely satisfactory, the streets smooth and pleasant to ride upon, and the sidewalks solid and clean for a hundred years. The water supply was sufficient and good. Nobody suspected that things would not go on so indefinitely. Rather, there was every reason to believe that a steady improvement would take place; that Eckington presently would be seen to be far the most desirable residence suburb anywhere about Washington, and anyone who had need to get out again the money he had invested, would be able to take out with it a neat profit.

One of the first intimations that Mr. Truesdell would not continue indefinitely his interest in Eckington was given by a sign, which he asked his patrons to sign.

Mr. Truesdell also built sewers and asphalt streets and laid sidewalks and hand-some stone slabs. He set up electric light poles at convenient intervals, and at night his building lots and the partly finished structures were ablaze with light, rivaling the finest city in the world. He also got a supply of water from an artesian well and filled a reservoir from which he supplied his houses with water. Each building was also wired for incandescent lights and the gables put in wherever they were wanted.

Then Mr. Truesdell began to sing his siren song to clerks and others of modest means who had not the time to investigate very carefully and who would not suspect so great a capitalist of such a trick. He told them that he had actually already provided. They did not force that what was already there might disappear.

The natural course was an increase of advantages, not a withdrawal. They had heard of people being swindled by paper towns, but here was an actual suburb of a great city, here were the asphalt and stone that they could walk on, the rapid transit cars they could ride on, and they had behind it the promise of the great capitalist, who had shown his faith by his works, that all this would continue.

It was a piece of nothing on a grand scale and it succeeded. Mr. Truesdell did not actually put in any of his own money, but he got the money he had put in would all be safe back to his strong box and a good deal more with it, and then it would not be to his interest to keep up any of these things that would mean a considerable expense without any sufficient return.

He knew that after a while he would have sold nearly all his lots; the money he had put in would all be safe back to his strong box and a good deal more with it, and then it would not be to his interest to keep up any of these things that would mean a considerable expense without any sufficient return.

In the last resort it was possible for him to stop, and if any citizen asked why he was obliged to stop, he could say that he was obliged to stop, and if any citizen asked why he was obliged to stop, he could say that he was obliged to stop.

BERLIN'S COLOSSAL STATUE.

Characteristic Features of the Monument Recently Unveiled.

San Francisco Chronicle.

A curious rivalry has sprung up between France and Germany in the domain of sculpture. No sooner does one of these nations erect and unveil a fine monument than the other follows suit with something still better, if possible. It is safe to say that during the last five years more important public works of art have been completed and inaugurated in these two countries than in all America and the rest of Europe together.

One striking thing in this connection is the character of the monuments. In France, with few exceptions, the dominant key is patriotism and grief over the misfortunes of France during the last war. This sorrow is tempered by the desire to have in sculpture of what might be should the struggle ever be renewed.

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A new town, to be occupied exclusively by colored persons, is soon to be founded near Tecumseh, Kans., and will be named "New Negroes."

A syndicate of colored people have bought 2,000 acres of choice land, which will be subdivided and sold at a low price and on easy terms. It is said that the establishment of these plantations in the new town is assured, and the promoters expect the enterprise to be a success. The new town of Fitzgerald, Ga., started recently by settlers from the Northern States, is notable because of the fact that no colored person is permitted to work or live in it under any circumstances.—New York Sun.

Mortality Among Physicians.

Of every 1,000 clergymen between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five only 13.93 die annually, but of every 1,000 doctors between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five, no fewer than 28.03, it is said, die every year. Some statisticians attribute the high rate of mortality among medical men to the harassing nature of their duties.—Exchange.

A Great Bargain.

Curio Dealer—Now, here is something worth its weight in gold many times over.

Customer—What would I want with that old and battered plug hat? I can get a dozen of them on the nearest ash heap.

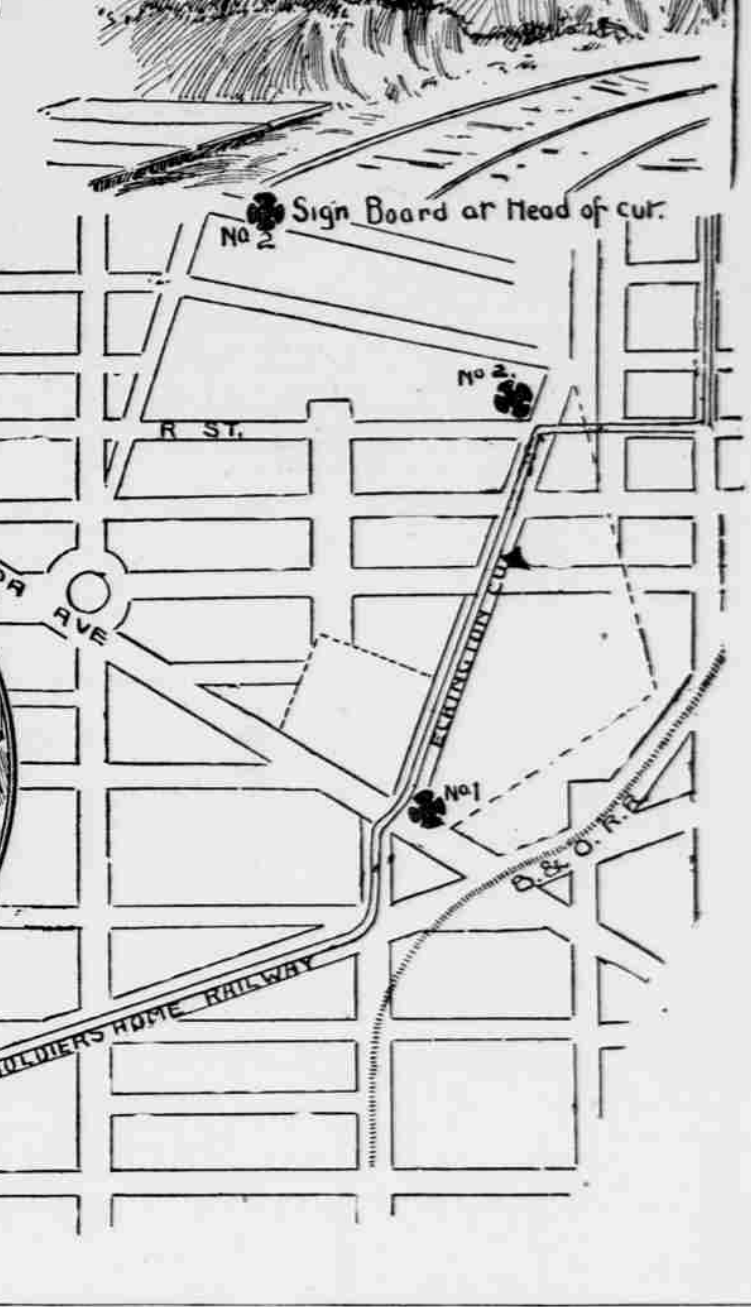
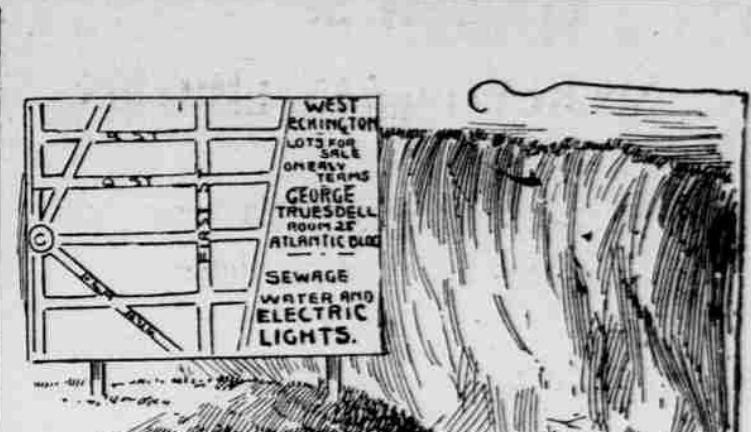
"God save the queen, man—that's the best of the best." Some of them captured from the great King Darius, of Africa."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Truesdell for the engine and dynamo they secured a good round sum when every-

LAST TIE SEVERED.

The story of how the United States Company interfered and Messrs. Crosby and Lieb found Mr. Truesdell had burned their fingers, as he had burned many others in a smaller way, is familiar. When it became evident that they could not operate from Georgetown as they hoped and that in February or March they would discontinue the street lights in Eckington Mr. Truesdell more than ever wanted to sell his hotel at Eckington, the last great tie that bound him to the place and he succeeded in doing this. He paid ex-Policeman S. J. Block a good fee, some say \$6,000, for effecting the sale. The street lights were continued a week or two after the contract time for them and the delay of the sale may be an explanation of that extension.

Eckington is now entirely without street



MOST MARRIED INDIAN.

Big Chuck Has Fifty Squaws and All of Them Love Him.

Chicago Journal.

In Brown Hill colony, Oklahoma, there is an Indian who is called at home Ki Ki-Lahunk, but his name for convenience is Big Chuck. This man is the most married Indian of all the tribes of the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes, and even the Sioux. He will not tell how many squaws he has, and the tales of his life are so numerous that it is hard to count them.

Big Chuck is a copper-colored Indian with straight hair and form like an arrow, bending backward in its uprightness. He has black eyes, solid features, and dresses so beautifully that he passes for the handsomest Indian of the reservation.

His wives are devoted to him, and are willing to work for him for the rest of their lives, should his allowance from the government be cut off. They do not want him to give them up. When told that the money they earn would support them in luxury with half the work, they shake their heads and point to the luxurious picture of Big Chuck, contentedly smoking his pipe, and say: "Me love him. Me love him very much."

Few people have ever seen Big Chuck, for he goes to the agency seldom, and never appears at Washington in the annual spring delegation; but he pays those who do go big sums of money to push the plans he has stored away in his dark-colored head. When the warriors get back to their territory this year and report their failure to make the government smile upon the many-wives principle, they will have a bone to pick with Big Chuck, as well as with their own families.

Train Robbing Not Profitable. The record of train robberies published in the Globe-Democrat would clearly indicate that the business is exceedingly unprofitable to those engaged in it. It appears that in eight cases, in which twenty-two men participated, only \$840 was secured by the robbers, and this sum would not pay for the outfitting. Of the twenty-two men, all but one have been killed, executed or sentenced to the penitentiary for from seven to forty-five years each, and two of them for life. Undoubtedly the last one will be captured or killed before many months. Capital punishment for such offenses should be made the law, or it should not be the law for any offense whatever. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THAT OLD SUBJECT.

Conviction is quite general that it's about time spring should begin turning over a new leaf.—Philadelphia Times.

The advance of spring is marked less by the thermometer than by swelling buds and pushing plants. Look at the leaves. "Come into the Garden, Maid"—and see the snow this charming spring morning.—"Had Brier," in Boston Globe.

April gave us such a dry winter yesterday, but she forgot to thaw them out first.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Maine's Many Lakes. Maine has 1,620 lakes, with an area of 2,100 square miles, and 3,000 rivers and streams, making Maine's water surface 3,200 square miles.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Terraline, a Summer Strengthenener.

A wonderful and simple remedy of nature's. Nothing mysterious in its component parts—nothing secret about it. TERRALINE is tasteless, palatable. A child will take it. TERRALINE creates none of the repugnance that the taste of cod liver oil does.

TERRALINE is an up-builder of the system—nourishing the organs—stopping the ravages of incipient consumption.

TERRALINE cures pneumonia, bronchitis, severe coughs, croup, wasting diseases, and all throat and lung trouble.

TERRALINE is not a patent medicine. Physicians everywhere heartily and enthusiastically indorse it.

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In five years two thousand reports of cases were received from physicians and wonderful results noted from the use of TERRALINE.

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